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20,
1931 ★

JUDGE

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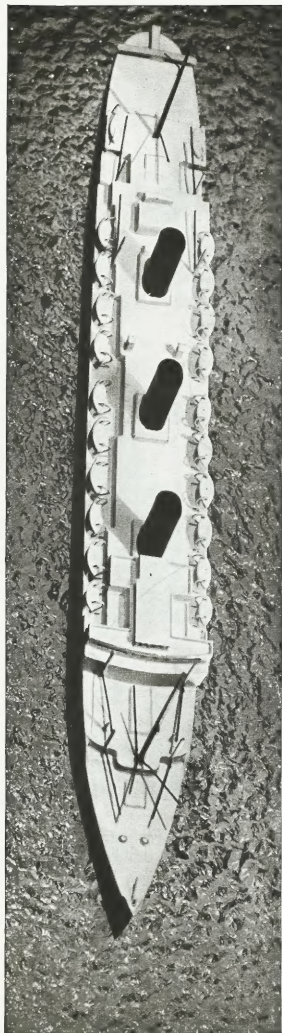
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—utter French Line luxury—incom-
parable food, drink, gayety, rest!—
an extra week in Canada—optional*

and the famous **FRANCE** sails on the same
Triangle Cruise for 6 days August 15—same bargain rates!

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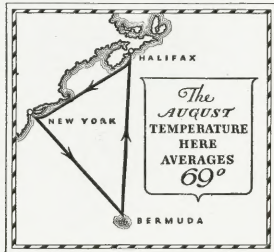
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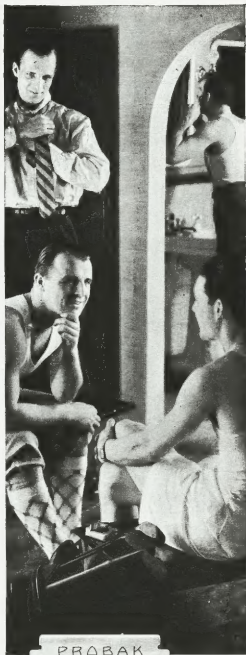


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PROBAK won an overwhelming verdict of approval when first tried in locker rooms and Pullman cars little more than a year ago. Word flashed that this double-edge, double-service blade gave unequalled shaving comfort — and man-talk put it over. Shock-absorber construction and automatic machine manufacture — inventions of Henry J. Gaisman — make Probak outstanding. Butterfly channeling in duo-tempered steel prevents edge distortion. Ribbons of steel are finished in one progressive operation — assuring utmost uniformity. Buy Probak on our guarantee. Get far better shaves or your dealer will refund your money — \$1 for 10, 50c for 5.



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JACK SHUTTLEWORTH, *Editor*

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

RICHARD J. WALSH

SIDNEY S. LENZ, *Contributing Editors*

JUDGING THE NEWS

Now France has two sets of battlefields for tourists to visit. Those where the soldiers fought in the World War, and those where the visiting American mayors clashed.

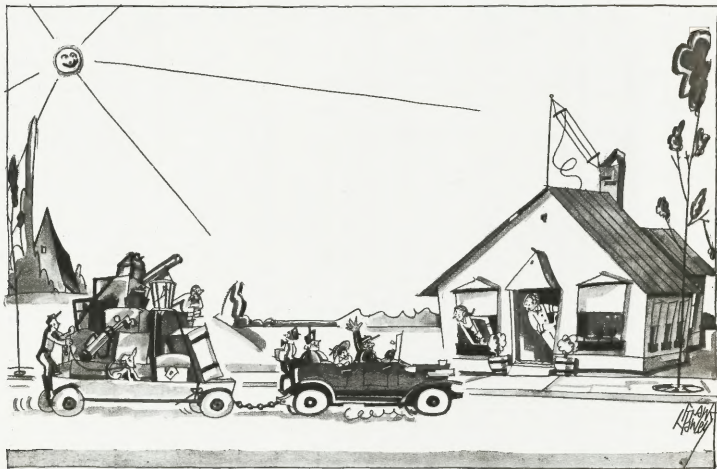
And the Fourth of July is the one day in the year when an American is free to go to Canada or some other place, and celebrate it as he likes.

This summer we have people who go without clothes and call themselves "Nudists." Now if we can only find some way of going without food the unemployed would be all fixed.

And if the Democrats win the next election you can bet your life there'll be more jobs—for the Democrats anyway.

It seems to us that when business gets better during a Republican administration it's due to the protective tariff; when it gets worse it's because of unavoidable economic conditions.

An archaeologist has discovered that the instalment plan was used thousands of years ago in Egypt. And there are probably a lot of payments still due on chariots from that era.



"Yoo-hoo! Here we are!"

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Anticipation

WELL, we're just waiting to see what Gandhi will wear during the hot summer months.

And now a lot of businesses are in such bad shape that the owners are laying off their sons-in-law.

Man, boasts a writer, can now travel swiftly on land, air and water. The only drawback is that his creditors can, too.

One of the worst features of the general depression is that it is affecting batting averages also.

And it must annoy a farmer who spent his time spraying his trees to discover that he only made them safe for a few sitters.



"Don't worry mother now, honey. There's Mr. Beinhorn, go bury him."



"Hey, hold on to that fish while I try to untangle you!"

Expert Advice

THE newspaper editor peered over his littered desk at the nervous individual who stood before him.

"I have a boil on my neck," barked the editor. "What shall I do for it?"

"Consult a reliable physician," answered the other man promptly.

"Hmmm," grunted the editor. "Once in a while I have spots before my eyes and a pain in my left knee. What would you advise?"

"That you consult a reliable physician," came the quick reply.

"Last night," continued the editor, "I dreamed I was running around Grand Central station in nothing but my shoes and a size 17 collar. What would you say to that?"

"I'm sorry," said the visitor, "but mental problems are outside my jurisdiction."

The newspaper editor nodded his approval. "One more question," he said. "What would you advise for a simple head cold?"

"I should advise," came the answer, "that you consult a reliable physician."

"Good!" snapped the editor. "You can start in today. And get this: I want this paper to have the best Health column in the city, you understand?"

Simple Circe is married now. And she thinks the bridge of sighs is the game her husband plays.

IT'S SOME RACKET

THE first time I ever saw him was at a newsstand where I always buy my magazines and papers. He was a large and rather solemn looking fellow, and his actions aroused my curiosity. He went methodically over the dealer's entire stock of magazines, picking out one here and there. Finally, he appeared satisfied, and paid for his selections, gathered them in his arms and left the place. I observed that the publications he picked out were all snappy and high flavored—most of them featuring great expanses of feminine cuticle on their covers.

Next I saw him at the first night of Joe Doak's musical comedy, "Altogether." I thought I had a pretty good seat myself—seventh row on the aisle—but this mysterious chap was three rows in front of me and right in the middle of the house. The show was one of the warmest that had ever hit Broadway, and the first night would have made a French postcard salesman blush. I rather enjoyed it myself, and I gathered from my tall and solemn friend's chuckles that he did, too.

When I saw this same fellow in my favorite bookshop I fairly burned with curiosity. He was just leaving as I came in, and I noticed that he had a huge stack of books under his arm. I asked the proprietor about it, and he told me that the chap came in once a week and bought all the latest scorches—and the more risque they were the better he liked it.

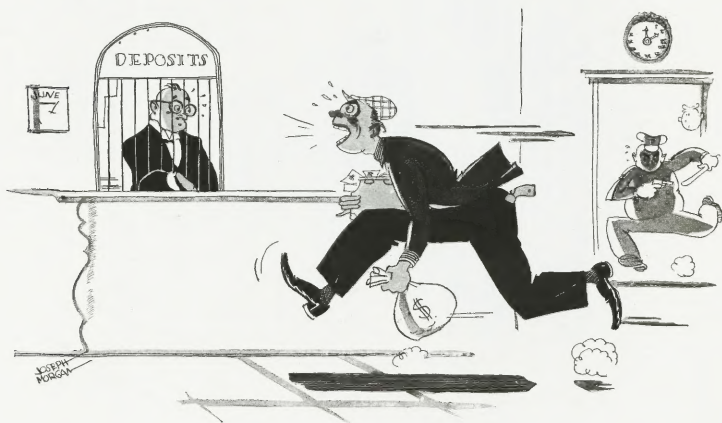
And now for the past two weeks I've been seriously considering becoming a reformer myself.

For Sightseeing Trips

AND there is now an automobile that runs equally well on land or water. It's just the thing for people who buy seashore lots sight unseen.



"My gawd, Joe—we forgot the net!!"



"I wanna start a trust fund!!"





"Boss, I'd like to have the afternoon off to go to my grandmother's funeral."

A NICE QUIET ROCKER

"I don't see what these youngsters come away on a vacation for; running around the way they do all day and night instead of taking a good rest," observed Mrs. Eberle.

"That's what I say," agreed Mrs. Mathius, edging her chair closer. "Just give me a comfy rocker in some quiet corner of the porch where I don't

even have to look at another person and I'm happy."

"My sentiments exactly," Mrs. Eberle declared. "I don't even want to talk to people. I swear I don't see where these women get any pleasure out of sitting around all day ripping people up the back."

"I always say, if you can't say something good about a person, keep quiet," confided Mrs. Mathius.

"You're right. Now take, for instance, what they're saying about that darling Franklyn girl. She's the one who came last week and has been chasing around with that young Mason boy ever since."

"I know. The one with the bleached hair."

"Is it really bleached?"

"Certainly. I saw it close up and it's all getting dark around the roots."

"It doesn't surprise me, but I suppose it's really no concern of mine."

"I quite agree with you. Supposing she is out all hours of the night. It's none of our business."

"I know it, but if I were Mrs. Mason I wouldn't let a son of mine run around with a baggage like that. They say she's after the Mason money."

"Then she's going to get beautifully left. My husband told me Mr. Mason's business is on the rocks. But don't let it get back to Mrs. Mason. I think she's just sweet."



"You know, I like Switzerland far better than France—they have so much better pastry!"



GARDEN ENTHUSIAST—Would you mind giving the garden a squirt before you go?

"I do, too. I admire the way she keeps her youth."

"Isn't it killing? I hear she was seen with her son at a road house and she was introducing him as her brother. They were drinking, too!"

"I kind of suspected she drank."

"Her son comes in drunk every night with that Franklyn girl. It runs in the family I suppose. If you ask me—"

"Hush. Here she comes."

"Oh, hello, Mrs. Mason. Where's your fine boy this morning?"

THE WOODPECKER PROBLEM

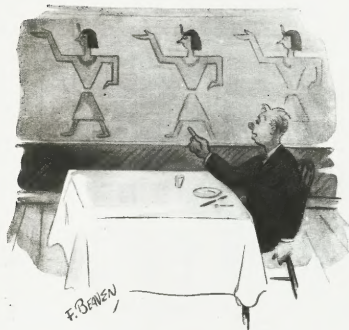
By Barrie Payne

FOR many months I have racked my brain over a tough problem, namely: How can a woodpecker use his head for a hammer without giving himself a headache? Today, after exhaustive research, I'm convinced that his head *does* ache.

My procedure was this: First I tried to imagine myself a woodpecker. I tried to place myself in a woodpecker's shoes, so to speak. Since woodpeckers wear no shoes this was difficult. I then went around banging my nose against trees. It took very little of this to show me that woodpeckers have headaches. I also observed that the nose, or bill is not equipped with springs or bumpers. Thus the full vibration of the hammerings is transmitted directly to the head. In fact I later learned that a woodpecker's brain is often jarred loose from his skull, and that loud noise you hear when a woodpecker pecks on wood is caused by different parts of his brain rattling together. Sometimes his brain gets juggled around so that the cerebrum is where the cerebellum ought to be, thus causing him to think backward. In this condition he commits many embarrassing blunders such as flying backward and upside down, laying eggs without shells or shells without eggs, counting eggs before they are hatched or hatching them before they are laid. And quite often he suffers from hallucinations. I recall one woodpecker that had delusions of grandeur. He thought he was an ostrich and went around laying ostrich eggs. A terrible thing happened to him in the end. He stripped his gears, blew out a fuse and got sued for patent infringement by a group of ostriches.

This torture of constant headaches has driven so many woodpeckers to suicide that these birds are now extinct in Australia and Madagascar.

In fact certain species of woodpecker are extinct everywhere. Today the four-wing horned woodpeckers are scarcer than one-legged chorus girls. And look at the six-toed woodpeckers. They never ex-



"Waiter!"



DIVER—It must have been one of them dog fishes, boss!

20th Century Revision

WITH Dictators, Fascists and similar things, I'm sure we should all be unhappy as kings.

Nowadays, complains a writer, everything comes in cans. Even college boys to a party.

A good deal of the sound financial advice of last year turned out to be mostly sound.

In the old days you could tell an actor by his loud clothes. And now you can tell him by his loud complaints.



"Do you boys mind if I join you?"

isted at all. They've been extinct from the very beginning, afraid to venture into existence for fear of headaches. Friends used to argue with them: "Go ahead and exist." But this did no good. When you try to argue with a nonexistent woodpecker you're only wasting your time.

LAST week I took this matter up with Senator Aloysius Flubb. I stressed the need for a government appropriation to distribute steel bill-points among woodpeckers. It was my belief that a sharper, more durable beak would enable these birds to accomplish the same work with less hammering, thus diminishing their headaches. But Flubb was afraid that placing bayonets on woodpeckers would be construed by foreign nations as an increase in our armaments in conflict with Article K in the Awertz Peace Pact. I later approached a dozen other Congressmen and tried to get this woodpecker plan through their heads, but woodpeckers have little or no effect on the heads of Congressmen.

HOWEVER, I'm still trying, and at present I'm hoping to organize the International Society For Distribution of Headache Powders To Woodpeckers.

The situation is desperate and something must be done quickly. Today I received a wire from a friend in Tennessee: "Please rush those headache powders to Nashville. The stress and strain of hammering keeps our woodpeckers so hot and feverish that they've begun to lay hard-boiled eggs."

Songs of Suburbia

NORWEGIAN, Irish, Croat and Finn,
Dutch, Cullud, German, Spanish;
Before we get them broken in
They pack their duds and vanish.

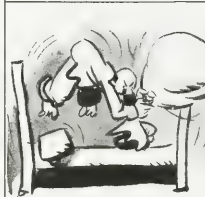
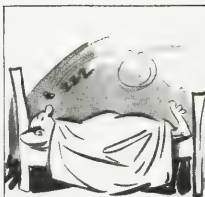
We try to lighten every task,
We aid in their endeavor;
But though we pay 'em what they ask
They come and go forever.

A private suite with private bath
Is here for their enjoyment,
But soon they're on the gypsy path,
Forsaking our employment.

We give 'em Thursdays, Sundays free,
They do the washing never;
And yet with unanimity
They come and go forever.

Thus with Suburbia's household aids
We meet and then we sever,
Only one thing is sure of maids—
They come and go forever!

—BERTON BRALEY



SALES RESISTANCE

"WHAT? You want to cook a whole dinner for me to demonstrate those pots and pans? Listen: The last time a man cooked dinner for me it left me in bed for three days with indigestion! I'd rather eat roots and nuts."

"Well, I'd personally like to own a complete set of aluminumware, but we've got an old Southern cook who has cooked out of the same copper utensils for fifteen years. I'd be afraid to break the charm."

"My cousin is in the business. He gets everything wholesale for me. Oh, yes, he does, too."

"I've never learned to cook, and we eat every meal out. No, that's a fact, I can't even boil an egg. Good day."

AND with a law against shooting off fire crackers in the city, about all there is left for the younger generation to do on the Fourth of July is to celebrate in some speakeasy.

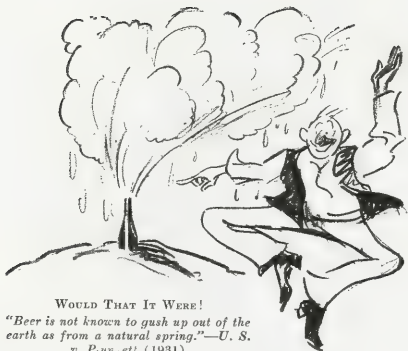
There's one good thing about customs inspectors; they slap too low to affect your sunburn.

"No tourist campin' here, young feller—git—s'private property."



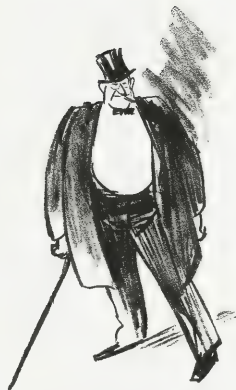
IN ANCIENT TIMES
The Quick Divorce

JUDGE



WOULD THAT IT WERE!

"Beer is not known to gush up out of the earth as from a natural spring."—U. S. v. Pannetti (1931).



CANADA HAS THEM, TOO

"Any man on the street after 12 o'clock midnight, unless in dress clothes, is a prima-facie vagrant."—Magistrate Burbridge, Hamilton, Ontario, March 19, 1931.



VINDICATION FOR THE SPOOKS

"Mere belief in spiritualism, ghosts, dreams, etc., is not proof of insanity."—Buchanan v. Pierie (Pa.), 54 Atl. 583.



CREDITORS, ATTENTION!

"We all know that many honest men, men of high integrity, sometimes become unable to pay their honest debts."—Rachels v. Deener (Ark. 1930), 33 S. W. (2nd) 39.

NOBLE DECISIONS

JUDGE on the BENCH



These Courteous Youngsters

BACCALAUREATE sermons and commencement addresses always make this an untuous and stodgy time of year. The orgy of word-mongering is not a very creditable showing for the adult portion of our human race. Look upon these young people, all ranged on hard pews in meek attentive rows. Their eyes are shining. Their hearts are singing. A world of gaiety awaits them. And a whole precious hour of golden youth must be given over to listening to this old bozo who like as not will insult their intelligence by telling them (a) things that they have long known to be true, and (b) things that they already know to be untrue. During most of the dreary speech they are six words ahead of him anyway. And when they drop behind him, it is only because they are trying to figure out what he could have meant by that last locution. Yet they listen! It's just about the last duty they have to perform for dear, fussy old alma mater, and so they listen. College spirit saves the day. That and the remarkable courtesy of youth. The more we see of this new generation, the more we admire its tolerance of the vanity of elders, the more grateful we are for the kindness with which it overlooks our ignorance, the more we wonder at the politeness with which it humors our assumption of power.

Ah well! All too soon these lads and lasses themselves will grow stout and gray and bald and borsenome, and they in turn will get their reward in the forbearance of a yet newer generation. So let the old fellows pose and flaunt their brief authority. After all, Commencement Day belongs not to impatient youth but to sentimental age.

* * *

MAYBE it's a bit late in the year to call attention to it, but here's hope for the collegiate bonehead. An Ohio court has ruled that a state-

supported university has no right to expel students who fail to get passing marks. They can be kept back in the same grade, they don't have to be given a degree, but if they have paid to get in, the college can't kick 'em out. That's swell. Another step toward making college life leisurely and safe for Dumbocracy. Now if some good, kind judge will decree that all applicants must be admitted without passing the college boards or other entrance exams—

Publicize Courage

PSYCHOLOGISTS are getting more cagey. They are not so sure now of the measurement of personality. Not long ago one group asserted that the range of difference in brain function is little more than two to one. Dr. Joseph Jastrow challenges this. "If we didn't have differences in men greater than two to one," he says, "we should never have had any great discoveries. One craftsman may be 300 to 3,000 times better a workman than another in the same class." What we want is more study of the variability in the "upper ranges of intelligence."

Professor Mark May of Yale further attacks intelligence tests. They may be all right for giving "samples" of man's knowledge and behavior. But you must go beyond samples. "There is in people some kind of a metaphysical thing called courage and this courage is the measure of personality and character."

That's good talk. The modern man does not set a high enough value on courage. Invention has pampered him with soft comforts. Printers' ink has warned him of all dangers and filled him with craven fears. Crowded into towns, he has become more dependent on his neighbors, less self-reliant. Finding safety in numbers, he stands no longer as did the pioneer, one bold man alone against the forest, the storm, the marauding beast and the banded outlaws. Little crises wilt us,

little upgrades start us puffing, little squeaking things send us scuttling in panic.

Intelligence, that fancy virtue, has been over-advertised. Courage, that plain one, needs some able press-agents. And the psychologists are the lads for the job.

Planning—The Way Out

DR. O. M. W. SPRAGUE is in a peculiarly advantageous position to size up the American economic situation. An American himself, and formerly professor of banking and finance at Harvard, he is now economic advisor to the Bank of England. He has just returned to London after a visit here. Thus he has a point of view which is at once objective and intimate and not colored by private interests. He says that America is now "in the same boat as the rest of the world." And he turns, as do all the best economists, to the one solution—*planning*. He says: "If you do not permit economic forces full sway and do not have sufficient foresight, imagination and give and take to execute by planned arrangement the sort of changes that take place under the working of economic forces left to themselves, then there can be nothing in the future for this country but a slow decline—or, if one generalizes, for the individualistic Western World a slow decline relative to the possibilities of a competing régime being developed in Russia."

By "this country" he means England, where these remarks were made. But note that he applies his conclusion to the whole "individualistic Western World," as contrasted with Russia. The Soviet five-year plan is succeeding at least well enough to impress all but the most prejudiced. The great question is whether under a régime of individualism, partly real and partly imagined, we shall be able to make a plan and make it work.

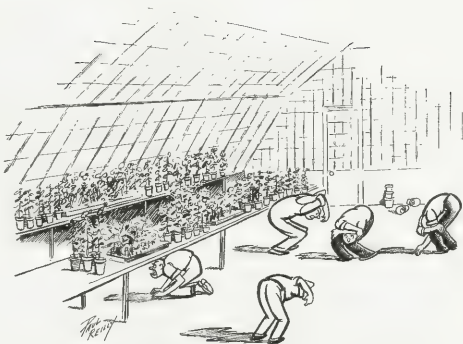
R. J. W.

July First

WELL, it won't be long now, and we'll be wishing Secretary Mellon a Happy New Fiscal Year.

And after reading about auto accidents, drownings and train wrecks every holiday, we've made up our mind, for the coming Fourth of July, to stick to the old-fashioned fireworks.

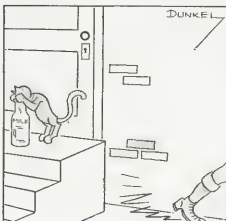
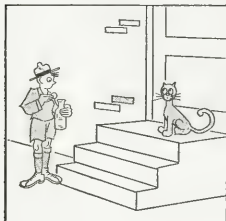
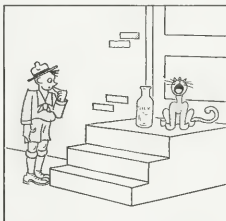
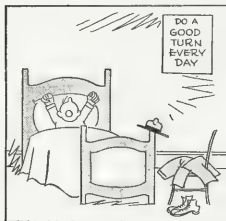
The newspaper has been called an adjunct to the radio. And it is most effective as such if crumpled and stuffed into the loudspeaker.



Greenhouse workers near a golf-course hear a cry of "Fore"!



The hay fever victim mows his lawn.



To a Ping-Pong Neighbor

"CLICKETY - CLACKETY, Clickety, Clack!"

The echo is heard to the corner and back!

And all through the building, from midnight to six,
We toss to the ticks of those terrible clicks.

I'd take keen delight

Just to hand you a whack

When, morning and night,

First your click, then your clack

Resounds through the grounds

'Til my brain seems to crack.

"Clickety-Clackety, Clickety Clack!"

A pox on your skill and a plague on your knack!

Why don't you play anagrams, checkers or chess?

The fun is the same, but the racket is less.

And we who now jump

From our beds with a lack

Of sleep will not grump

If your sociable pack

Of boys ends the noise

Of that "Clickety-Clack!"

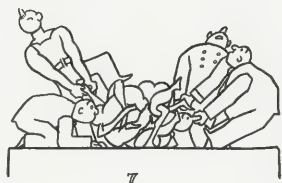
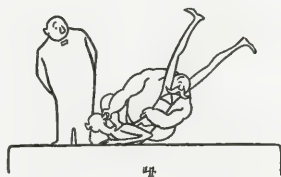
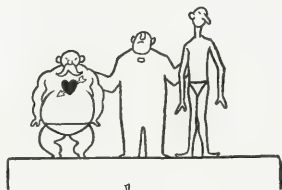
—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

He Keeps Out

And these are the days when the racketeer is mightier than the pen.

Add Pitiful Figures: The hitchhiker who flagged a Chicago gangster for a ride.

JUDGE



GARDNER
THEA



THE THEATRE of GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

As nothing has happened in the theatre during the week that these immortal words are being set upon paper, I shall go into a subject that has lately been troubling my mind to no appreciable extent. I allude, as you have already guessed, to the theoretical inroads that the talkies are making upon the drama.

It is difficult to find a paper these days in any way concerned with the theatre that doesn't work itself up to a tremendous broil over the dreadful effect that the talkies have had and are going to have on the stage. To read *Variety* is to believe that the damage is already so magnificent that the only two legitimate theatres left in New York are Butler Davenport's playhouse and the Chinese theatre on the Bowery, with some doubt expressed as to whether either is doing any business. Only the *Theatre Guild Magazine* affords any hope whatsoever, offering as eloquent proofs that the theatre will never die any number of splendid photographs of the auditoriums of the Grosses Schauspielhaus, Kamerny Theatre, Redoutensaal, Burgtheater, Cirque Medrano and various Stadt-theater, all empty. The situation, it would seem, is damned bad. The idea that in two or three years people will go around to look at an O'Neill play when they can get into a talkie and see something really good by Mr. Metro, Mr. Goldwyn or Mr. Mayer for half a dollar is too silly. And the notion that anyone will want to lay out three dollars for Katharine Cornell in an ankle-length skirt when they can get Marlene Dietrich and all she stands for and on for one-sixth the amount is enough to make even the bartender chuckle.

While I do not wish to pose as a superior being who considers Miss Dietrich's twigs beneath his august notice or as one who would rather save up cigarette pictures of the Mesdames Blanche Yurka and Beverly Sitgreaves than of the Mlles. Loretta

Young and Joan Bennett, I must still confess to some skepticism over the talkie-booster's enthusiasm. By way of getting some ground for that skepticism to dig its toes into, I lately got my old clothes out of the closet and spent some evenings in attendance upon those talkies that had been announced as representative masterpieces of the art. What I saw, aside from some passable cuties, and what I heard, aside from enough artillery racket in the gunman films to wake me up, substantiated my belief that the talkies can never—even when and if they get good—do any more damage to the theatre than they have done up to this point, and that the damage in question will prove in the end to be nothing short of a grand boom.

Assuming that there were no such things as talkies, the theatre might naturally be expected to cater, at least in part, to the tastes of the persons who currently admire them. These tastes, the talkies clearly prove, run chiefly to cheap gangster melodrama, cheap sex stuff, actresses whose histrionic talent is estimated according to the size and voluptuousness of their bosoms, and emotional dramas in which men kill each other for somebody named Bebe Daniels, or maybe it's Juanita Garbo. Under present circumstances the talkies provide so fully, completely and satisfactorily for the tastes in these directions, and meet so fully, completely and satisfactorily the public's demand that the theatre is spared the pain and necessity of considering the tastes at all. The theatre is thus—even against the mercenary will of certain of its lesser impresarios—relieved of the presence of a great deal of junk and not only of a great deal of junk but of the kind of audiences that esteem it. True enough, this takes money out of the theatre and the theatre needs money to live. But it is better for the kind of theatre that needs that kind of money to live to pass out of existence as soon as possible and leave the way

clear for the better, finer and more reputable theatre that alone concerns those of us who have any discrimination left.

The talkies, even the so-called best of them, do not and cannot satisfy any man with an intelligence quota above that of a barber or with a gift of imagination higher than that of a manicure girl. Even these so-called best of them, as close as they may seriously try to come to the living drama, cannot help, because of their machine and shadow essence, but forever remain unsatisfactory substitutes for the real thing. They can realistically imitate the human voice, but so can a parrot. They can realistically present us with the images of human beings, but so can Madame Tussaud. They can realistically go through all the movements of life and the living, but so can the marionettes in the famous royal water-works just outside of Salzburg. They can speak the words of fine drama, but so can high-school boys and girls. They can show a greater multiplicity of scenes than the stage, but so can any child's little picture-book. They can do many things that the stage cannot, but so can Coney Island. What they cannot do is actually live, as theatre drama lives. They are at their best simply the embalmed corpses of drama miraculously—and very odoriferously—walking the night. They are the drama of a machine age designed for the consumption of robots.

My Corpsbruder, Mr. John Mason Brown, in a recent oration said, "The theatre will survive until fresh vegetables come to seem less appetizing than canned vegetables and until a snapshot is more exciting than a handshake." Although canned California asparagus, for instance, have always seemed much more appetizing to me than fresh eastern asparagus and although I've never got any particular excitement shaking actors by the hand, the M. Brown has nevertheless

(Continued on page 32)

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS

MARRY YOU?
I SHOULD
SAY
NOT!

AW-W-PLEASE!-
-JUS' THIS
ONCE!

ALL WOMEN
ARE BIASED!

YEH! BUY US
THIS 'N' BUY
US THAT!

A WIFE IS A
MAN'S TREASURE,
BUT A HUSBAND IS
A WOMAN'S
TREASURE!

"CRAY
QUIET"

HOOT, MON!-WHAT
ARE YE DOON
W'OUT CLOTHES?

HOOT, YOURSEL!
UM ON ME
WAY TO A
STR-IP
POKER-R-R
GAME!

I BOUGHT SOMETHING
TODAY FOR THE
PERSON I LOVE
BEST IN ALL
THE WORLD;
GUESS WHAT
IT IS?

A BOX OF
CIGARS!

"THREE'S
A CROWD"

"MOVIES"

I'M BUSY, AS A LITTL BEE,
THINKING UP CAMPAIGN
PROMISES! -AND THEN
I'LL HAVE TO THINK
UP SUBSTITUTES FOR
THE PROMISES

JEFFERSON
MACHAMER

MACHAMER
W' HOONER
IN '32
AND KEEP
FARMERS OUT
OF CITIES

A Wicket Game

WHEN I advised the three racketeers who make up my regular foursome at the golf club that I couldn't be there last Sunday because Neysa McMein had invited me to joust at croquet on the lawn of her miniature Deauville, there was plenty placing hands on hips and ts-ing! I must confess they had me dithering with inferior feelings. But I adore Neysa and the what-ho crowd she puts up week-ends. So to Neysa's.

At twelve years I was practically Croquet's old Invincible. I took up the game three years earlier, however. It seems at nine years I had the habit of running away from our front yard and being found downtown, learning to be a blacksmith. My father got the idea of tying me at one end of a fifty-foot rope and fastening the

namby-pamby lollery of my Buster Brown-collared days to a slashing, hammering, temper-breaking battle of skill, wits, and considerable high feeling.

I was paired with Clifton Webb against George Abbott and Raoul Fleischmann.

Neysa showed me around the course before play began. When I say "showed me around the course" I mean just that! It covers an acre of bumpy ground in a forest of towering trees. Tangly bushes, too, and big rocks. All of which are hazards in the amazing new Croquet. As I looked about at the wickets, seemingly miles apart, and the hazardous outlay, my ancient prowess began a sort

of depressive recession.

Clifton, Raoul, and George were warming up at the starting stake—flexing their wrists and taking vicious practice swings with three or four mallets. It looked earnest and professional, so I did it, too. I'll never forget lifting my first mallet that day. It weighed about ten pounds and was a beautiful implement to behold. Goldish rings reinforced the impact ends of the mallet head and the shaft was gaily painted in the official colors of the game in starting order. "The game has gone Cartier," I sneered to myself.

The game has become dreary, too. Clifton was wearing a short-sleeved, low-necked, black-and-white-striped pirate sweater and high-waisted, brilliant orange-colored trousers of broadish material. George wore a smart English hunter coat with accordion shoulders, riding breeches, boots and spurs. Raoul wore a polo shirt, pith helmet, and the pants that belonged to George's hunting coat. I felt pretty silly in my ordinary beige flannels and the top of Charlie Baskerville's bathing suit. Charlie's little and I'm big!

THE game began. Clifton pounded through his first two wickets with retrained ease and went for position squarely in front of his third. Raoul

passed beautifully through wicket one, but ran afoul of wicket two and drifted leftward. I went through wickets one and two under strain of a bee hovering off my nose. I then set myself to shoot for position over near Clifton's ball. Just as I started to swing in, Clifton tore across the course and pushed me away from my ball with a violence I wouldn't credit! "Idiot!" he loudly said, "shoot to the left, away from our opponents as they come through two wickets!" I was dazed—never had been spoken to like that in croquet. Clifton walked to the left and marked the spot where I was to shoot. I did it exactly right, and my life was spared. Clifton returned to his ball snubbingly. George then skimmed through one and two wickets, turned and shot at his partner's ball successfully and thus won two shots. He and Raoul then went into a long conference about who was to be shot to Kingdom Come—Clifton or I. They decided on Clifton. George shot at Clifton's ball successfully and glued the balls and shot Clifton through the trees, down a couple terraces, across a pansy plantation and into some dense woods on a neighboring estate. Clifton tore after it like an orange streak, retrieved and shot back magnificently near his third wicket. Raoul then passed through two wickets and prepared to take a long shot at me. George and Clifton came loping over to my position, got down on their knees to make sure of a hit or miss by Raoul. Raoul's ball came bumping along and barely grazed my ball, though. Not so my partner! "Missed," hissed Clifton. "Hit!" George and Raoul chorused. "Missed!" I said, with practically no fighting spirit. The discussion became loud and "names" were bandied! Mallets were waved threateningly. George and Raoul went into conference. Clifton and I went into conference. Clifton nearly convinced me that Raoul and George committed the St. Valentine's Day murders in that Chicago garage. I caught an unmentionable word now and then from the Raoul-George pow-wow. We finally settled it was a "hit" by tossing a quarter of mine. Clifton went away wily at losing the toss and threw my

HAT?



he walks toward Tamara Geva before he throws her all over the stage in "Three's a Crowd"! A greenish yellow baby spotlight on him would have been swell as he stopped in front of me. Jack Baragwanath, Neysa's husband, who is a powerful Alaskan gold miner, stepped between us and said, "Back to your ball, Webb!" And I limped off to the excavation a bit unsteadily. Lots of things like that kept on happening, and we lost. I lost five dollars, some shirts and collars, and Clifton went home without saying good-bye. He just said "Better luck next time!" snappily!

Eye-Queues

A CERTAIN professor, on leaving town, instructed his man servant to forward all mail to him. Some time passed and no mail arrived. The prof wrote to inquire the reason for the delay and received the following reply: "Dear sir, I could not forward your mail as you have taken the key to the mail box with you. Please forward same." The professor immediately posted the key and got his mail properly from then on. What's wrong here, oh my friends?

A man had a certain number of eggs. To his first customer he sold half that amount and half an egg. To his second customer he sold half the

(Continued on page 29)



BEFORE THE GAME BEGAN, ANIMAL PLANNERS WERE STILL FRIENDS! THIS ALSO SHOWS THE DRESSINESS OF CROQUET!



JUDGING THE MOVIES



By
PARE LORENTZ



THE Russians continue to send us handsome propaganda. This week we received two batches: "A Son of the Land" and some newsreels called "The Five-Year Plan." The one so-called dramatic picture, "A Son of the Land," is an attempt to dramatize irrigation as a relief from the Mohammedan religion, and neither the story nor the action is comparable to the tribal dramatization in "Storm Over Asia" or the mechanical ecstasy in "Old and New."

In fact, "Son of the Land" is such a naive attempt to sell Soviet government, I doubt that even Ham Fish or Senator Sheppard or even the presidential secretariat could consider it effective propaganda. Furthermore, I cannot believe for one minute the natives of Turkestan (for whom the picture is intended) will be swept joyously from their feet by the film, nor can I picture them hanging their prophets, grabbing pick axes and building dams with the sheer joy betrayed by the Soviet actors who made the picture. I can believe anything of Russians, and I think movie propaganda has aided the government as much as the thousands of pamphlets and books written by Trotsky and his boy friends during the long years from 1905 until the great revolution, but I think a farmer must always be a farmer, whether he lives in Alsace and worships the golden eagle, or in the Black Forest, where he spends his leisure time trying to hex his brother-in-law, or even in South Dakota, where he spends his evenings trying to get Aimee Semple McPherson on the radio. And if I am right, it will take more than a few movies to convince a Turkestan farmer that Mohammed was goofy, that his father knew nothing about crops, and that a world proletariat is more important than a good mule.

OUR city editors, publishers and college professors have, after Europe and Asia long ago got over

their first scare, discovered Russia. Thus even such a naive document as "A Son of the Land" and even a slipshod newsreel such as "The Five-Year Plan" may frighten them into long editorials and scare-heads. Actually, neither picture is worth a nickel as propaganda to anybody except a Russian politician. As pictures they have value, and I have an idea that when the Five-Year Plan either makes or breaks, when a few sober bankers get down to figures and decide just how important Russian manufacturing can be for the next decade, the frightened editors will discover that all this so-called movie propaganda is really the wistful production of harassed artists. "Old and New" was a dull picture, but it was directed by an artist, and he worked so hard to dramatize his propaganda the propaganda took on importance. But Director Eisenstein is not interested in cream separators or the Russian state nearly so much as he is in pictures. So with the director of "The End of St. Petersburg" and the director of "A Son of the Land." Get rid of the bankers who have made our own directors produce what amounts to propaganda, get rid of the British M. P.'s who harass able Englishmen, get rid of the childish Russians who think farmers, North Carolinians and Turkestan Mohammedans can be moved by the same childish

excitement, and you will discover a score of movie directors who have no interest in world problems other than the craft of making pictures. When that day comes Russian directors will make the best pictures in the world and they will not deal with power dams.

"THE MALTESE FALCON" is another sample of irritating movie procedure. As it is taken from the Dashiell Hammett thriller, you might be justified in expecting the producers to soften the character of the toughest detective in American fiction: Sam Spade (tough in the sense that he has the carnal and social instincts of a detective and not a museum piece). "The Maltese Falcon" had more than Sam Spade. It had a pathological killer. It had the usual Hammett pace and sullen glow. Naturally, I expected a mystery picture from it, full of fancy sets, innocent women and, above all, a sanctimonious hero. But no. The producers kept Sam Spade intact. They let him debate the noblest emotion of them all and take to bed in order to collect evidence. They let him send the heroine to the gallows. And Ricardo Cortez furnished even another surprise, because he made an able Sam Spade. Dudley Digges, one of the best and most neglected actors on the American stage, gave an exciting performance. Bebe Daniels was almost good, which is better than she has been for several thousand feet of celluloid. Yet, with all this to recommend it, "The Maltese Falcon" is only fair entertainment, simply because the director used fade-outs, dissolves, and practically every other known device for slowing action, so what should have been melodramatic scenes fell harmlessly to the studio floor, and never once was there any chance for the audience to get excited. The adaptation was faithful but utterly unimaginative. The direction was the worst of the season.

(Continued on page 23)

Recommended

"City Lights"—Chaplin good until the fourth time.

"City Streets"—The best acting of the year from Miss Sylvia Sydney.

"The Front Page"—Almost too good to be true.

"Le Million"—A satirical musical comedy by the only Frenchman who knows how to make pictures.

"The Public Enemy"—The toughest and neatest gang picture of the lot.

"The Smiling Lieutenant"—M. Chevalier, two good actresses, one Strauss waltz, and a good director.



"Look Bert, it says here that Hoover's been elected."

A JUGOSLAVIAN TRAGEDY

BELGRADE, JUGOSLAVIA.—Special attention is to be given to women and children, and when a train is over-crowded, with people inclined to be "grouchy," train conductors are to be humorous.—*News Item.*

"ALL right, now everybody, don't crowd in too much. Plenty of room for everybody! Why, you're almost as comfortable as you would be in your own Austin! Or in a miniature golf course, heh, heh. . . . What's that, lady? You want to get off here? Why, that's easily managed. You're a little off already, ha, ha. Ah, now don't glare at me like that, lady. I'm not your husband!

"Things really aren't so bad here, folks. Now you know what a sardine feels like! Around this time most of us are pretty hard pressed anyway! I suppose you ladies would feel perfectly at home if I put up a sign reading: 'Big Sale in the Bargain Basement'!

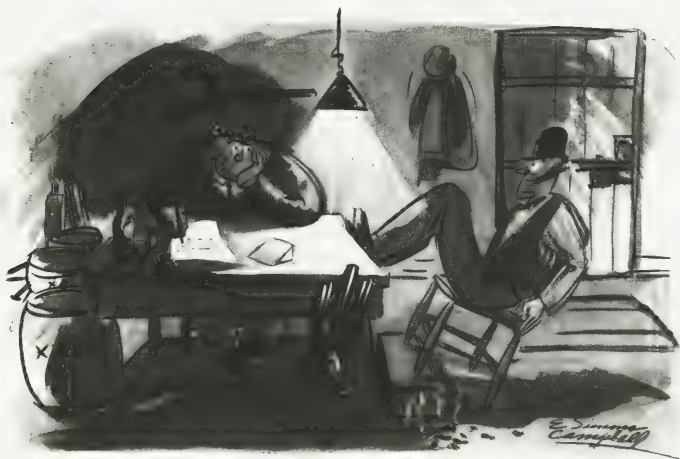
"May I have your ticket, sir? Yes, you with the tin, I mean, with the derby. You say you gave me your ticket? I'm sorry, I don't think you did. Come on, make believe you're a cop! It would be a pleasure to give me a ticket then, wouldn't it?

"No, sir; I'm afraid I don't know why the hell the train doesn't go faster. Perhaps it's because our new engineer, Captain Campbell, didn't show up for work today! . . . Why, yes sir, there was a smoking car on the train yesterday, but the president of the road decided it was too young to smoke and I guess it gave up the habit! . . . What time do we get in? I don't know about you, madam, but I'm a man of exemplary habits and I always make it a point to get in before nine every evening!

"Will I open the window for you, miss? Well, I don't know, lady. There's a rule around here that those windows aren't to be opened till Christmas."



"Do you boys play Bridge?"



"Would youse say, 'wid deep regret,' or 'poignant memories'?"

Judging the Movies

(Continued from page 20)

"THE LAWYER'S SECRET" is almost a burlesque of a very unimportant legal ethic. A wealthy lawyer is engaged to a girl. He discovers her brother has been accomplice to a murder for which an innocent sailor is condemned to hang. According to the Paramount staff of scenario writers, the lawyer cannot help the sailor because the guilty man, who confessed in confidence, is a client. If the lawyers of the nation really worried over such things, it would be a different social state; furthermore, a majority of our five-name law firms would have to go into the plumbing business. If you think I'm heckling, I might explain that Fay Wray is as unconvincing as ever, that there is no plot other than the legal code, and that from beginning to end "The Lawyer's Secret" is a 1910 melodrama dressed up in modern bathtub furniture.

"THE SHE-WOLF" is a farce for the modern stout, over fifty. It purports to be the life of Hetty Green. It isn't a biography, it isn't a comedy, it isn't even a fair picture and, above all, the heroine is a young lady called Frances Dade, and, for the first and last time, I should like to ask why she is allowed on the screen when there are comely, talented, and unaffected actresses tramping the streets for jobs.

The Stork Gets Twisted

Illinois paper—"Due to an error, Mr. and Mrs. Ankrum are the parents of a girl born Thursday at the Mercy Hospital, instead of Mr. and Mrs. Ankin." —BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

"Spend all the money you can; never mind what your husbands say," Charlie Schwab advised a group of housewives. Next he'll be advising the birds to learn to fly and the fish to take swimming lessons.

—SOUTHERN LUMBERMAN

THE pompous stranger stalked into the office and demanded to see the manager.

"I'm sorry, but he's not here," replied the clerk. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No," snapped the visitor. "I never deal with underlings. I'll wait until the manager returns."

"Very well, take a scat," said the clerk, and went on with his work.

About an hour later the man became impatient.

"How much longer do you think the manager will be?" he demanded.

"Nearly a fortnight," was the reply. "He went away for his vacation this week." —TIT-BITS

HER TOES GOT WET ONLY IN A SHOWER BATH . . . YET SHE CAUGHT "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

SHE is one of the most particular people in the world—so fastidious, in fact, that on her outing to the beach she wouldn't go in the water. Because too much debris bubbled in the surf, she wet her feet only on the tile floor of a shower bath.

Strange to say, she would have been safer in the ocean than prancing on the spotless floor of that shower. Like almost every moist surface, it was infested with germs of "Athlete's Foot"—invisible to her eyes, but highly contagious to her dainty toes.

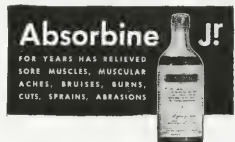
At first she noticed a moist, unwholesome white patch of skin between her toes. Neglected, this common symptom* of "Athlete's Foot" began to itch and spread. The skin blistered—turned red, cracked, and then painfully peeled—just because she didn't know this annoying infection might cause real trouble.

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection now attacking millions?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us*, no matter where we are, regardless of what we do. You can catch it in the very places people go for cleanliness—on the spotless tile floors of shower baths, on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors—any place where bare feet touch the floor. It is an infection caused by a tiny vegetable parasite called *tinea trichophyton*, which is so hardy that stockings must be boiled fifteen minutes to kill it. Nothing but constant care can keep it from coming back—even when you have rid yourself of an attack.

*Watch for these distress signals that warn of "Athlete's Foot"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by itchy itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.



It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes the danger signal is redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and wherever it penetrates, it kills this germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

Examine YOUR feet tonight

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors. If the case does not readily yield see your doctor.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 300 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada, Lyman Bldg., Montreal.



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HOW GOOD IS YOUR BRIDGE GAME?



Sidney J. Lens

Mr. Lens has held, fourteen times, the National and International Bridge and Whist Championships. Those who follow this department of Judge will understand why Wilbur C. Whitehead has said: "Sidney Lens is undoubtedly the most remarkable card player the world has ever known."

Mr. Lens will welcome correspondence from Judge readers and will give advice and answer questions related to Auction and Contract provided correspondents send stamped addressed envelopes for reply.

PRE-EMPTIVE bids at Contract are apparently not giving the satisfaction that a number of very good players have a right to expect—if some of these most excellent players are to be taken seriously.

A bill of complaint comes to me from an Honorable Judge, illustrating a situation that doubtless has created considerable strife between other fine players.

It would appear that our honored arbiter was just a bit peeved when he says: "And would you believe it, my asinine partner immediately jumped my declaration to a Grand Slam and we were set two tricks?"

Of course, I believe it and, Judge, I feel for you deeply.

Here is the deal:

♠ 10 8 6 2
♥ A K Q
♦ A 9 8 4
♣ K Q



♠ 4
♥ 9 7 5 3
♦ 7 5
♣ A 8 7 5 4 3

♠ A
♥ J 10 8 6 4
♦ 10 6 3 2
♣ J 10 9

♠ K Q J 9 7 5 3
♥ 2
♦ K Q J
♣ 6 2

The Bidding			
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
3 Spades	Pass	7 Spades	Double
Pass	Pass	Pass	

West opened the Ace of Clubs, and after that it was just too bad.

That North held a pretty fair hand cannot be denied, but was he justified in bidding for the Grand Slam? South thinks not!

If merely the North hand was shown to a number of Contract players and asked what they would do after the partner had opened with a

declaration of three Spades—well, suppose you try it!

A pre-emptive bid should usually be for two tricks over the probable trick value of the hand, so South could have bid four Spades without stretching a point. North should then make a try for the Slam by raising to five, but I am sure all the King's horses could not have dragged another bid out of the Judge.

If either the twos or the Jacks in South's hand could have been transformed into Aces, then the Demand bid of three would have been eminently proper.

As a sound pre-emptive bid generally lacks distributed high-card strength, the partner should be most conservative in giving jump raises.

In fact, some very good Contract players claim that all Grand Slam bids are abominations and things to be avoided.

However that may be, the 1,500 points that goes with a nice fat vulnerable Slam is certainly very nice. Only last week I had the happiness of holding the North hand, and anything but a Grand Slam contract would have been a degradation.

♠ A 8
♥ Q 9 4
♦ A K Q J 5
♣ A 8 7



♠ J 9 5 4 3
♥ 10 7
♦ 10 4
♣ K 9 5 2

♠ K 10 7 6 2
♥ 5
♦ 8 7 6 2
♣ 10 4 3

♠ Q
♥ A K J 8 6 3 2
♦ 9 3
♣ Q J 6

The Bidding			
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 Heart	Pass	3 Diamonds	Pass
4 Hearts	Pass	7 Hearts	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	

JUDGING THE BOOKS

"MOON OVER BROADWAY," by Mark Hellinger, has been hailed by several of the Boys Who Know as being something in the O. Henry class. Imagine how foolish this made us feel because all the time we thought he was just another de Maupassant.

In this initial bound-effort of the gentleman in question we are confronted with a collection of Tales with a Twist, or, if you wish, a Xenophony "Anabasis," all of them written in that breezy style with which Mr. Hellinger has lassooed several thousand avid readers from the Bronx who gladly ride past their destinations on the subway in their eagerness to absorb each dripping heart-throb hidden between the lines of his daily stint on a well-known tabloid.

Well, it's all right with us, only we think he's just a sob brother. Like so many modern innovations, i.e., frigidaire, television, seedless oranges and the scantie, he is a product of the times in which we live. He fills a vacuum in the lives of those whose nearest approach to the so-called glamour of the Big White Way is thru the personal touch of the esoteric by-line. He and his notorious columnar colleague have built up a synthetic array of thrills, chills, smiles and heartaches which are supposed to be Broadway. They have taken the old sob ballades about the street with the broken hearts-and-lights; they have taken the whining sentimental sob stuff of a pastier age and built it up into a Code, a Way of Looking at Life and Things. They are as sentimental as antique pea ladies. Philosophic taxi-drivers who quote Schopenhauer, hat check girls who long for the buttes of Montana and curse the day they ever became cmmeshed in the mazda-lit web of Broadway, to say nothing of our old favorites, the clown with the aching heart and the chorus girl who is good to her mother, the Russian princes who can't get the breaks, gangsters who are old softies—all these are part and parcel of Hellinger's magic carpet which is woven by not altogether unskillful fingers and tinted by the coloring rays of many a night club forcing lamp. In other words, he's writing of Broadway, "where they're all square shooters—they'll shoot you square in the back!" for the New York hick.

It is when Hellinger sets out to expose sham and deceit that he is at his worst. The labored endings are so obviously phoney as to be nauseating. They smack of the Shubert blackout and the Zero Hour at Dave's Blue Room. Quaintly in the stories we read

we detected no less than murder, cheating, suicide, drunkenness, perjury, adultery, vulgarity and several assortments of violence! Maybe we're wrong, but we think he had better stay between those bright green sheets and dish out his daily dozen about the taxi-driver called Guisepepe Tollario, who had a wife and eight kids but fell in love with a Ziegfeld star and who wouldn't take her money when he drove her over to the Warwick Hotel to keep a date with her sugar daddy and, when she laughed in his face and called him a dumb wop, went home and turned on the gas. At least that's how the story goes. It always did. But should he really feel he must tell all about Life from between book jackets, let him lock himself up for about a hundred years with Lardner and Nunnally Johnson.

COSMO HAMILTON, God's gift to the ladies' clubs of South Dakota, has turned out another of those things. Provocatively titled "Damned Little Fool," it is calculated to make those ladies go all of a dither when it is placed on view in their neighborhood drug store. It's all about a noble war hero who didn't retain his wife (Damned Little Fool to you) very well and a high-minded secretary full of the purpose of life, who loves him. Marginally, it is full of some very phoney ecstatic philosophy on love, why small men marry large women, vice versa, and who cares. The big punch lies in the situation where the noble hero goes off to his shack on the Riviera to forget his divorce from his wife. However, he finds her already ensconced there with her husband-to-be. Well, this idea gets kicked around for several frames and precious little happens. So we cheated and peeped at the last page. And would you believe it, it turns out that the "ex" goes back to the noble hero, having found that "Love is Happiness and Happiness is a twin," and we suppose, begging Doty Parker's pardon, Life is a kick in the pants. Meanwhile what of the secretary? O, yes. The secretary winds up behind the eight ball, and what do you think the Boston Red Sox' chances are of getting out of the cellar this year?

HEMINGWAY'S "In Our Time" is a reprint of the early short stories of the master of the anticlimactic and the hard-boiled sentimental. Almost every tale is the dobbs.

THE Coles' "Corpse in the Constable's Garden"—You guess what it's all about!
—TED SHANE



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Hundreds of transient visitors stop at the Seward regularly because it is only five short blocks from the General Motors and Fisher buildings; because it is within ten minutes of the principal automobile and manufacturing plants, and because every service is provided for your comfort and convenience.

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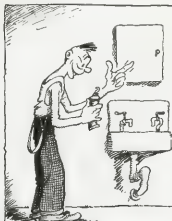
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See opposite page →

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT.



B.J. Cornfritter of Holum, Wash., has trained the cap of his toothpaste tube to come at his call.

W.C. Sullivan



Famous log house in Horseheads, N.Y., where Geo. Washington was born. Here Paul Revere stopped for breakfast. It was here also that Cornwallis surrendered, and Ponce de Leon found the Fountain of Youth. It is now used as a woodshed by Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm.



Abijah Witherspoon of Cane Pine, Ky., while taking a wagonload of acorns to his hogs stopped for a nap. One of the acorns fell through a hole in the bottom of the wagonbox, sprouted, and when Abijah awoke it had grown right through the wagonbox into a massive oak. He had to leave the wagon and go home on horseback.



"Would you like to autograph our pole for us, Mr. Byrd?"



CRUSTY GOLFER (to chatty caddie)—When I want advice I'll ask for it.
CADDIE—Ah! But I'm not always in the mood to give it.

—PASSING SHOW

REAL SPORT

A WOMAN heard that her two sons were in the habit, each at separate times and quite unknown to each other, of taking one of the maids out for a lark.

Fearing to bring down on their heads the wrath of their father by making a bother about it, she asked them if it were true, but could get no satisfactory answer to her inquiry.

It occurred to her that by a little

strategy she might get the truth from the girl, so she said:

"Now, Mary, I want you to answer me candidly. Which of my two sons do you like going out with best—George or Joseph?"

"Weel, madam," replied the girl, reassured by her mistress's manner, "if ye maun ken, o' the twa I like George best; but for a real guid time, gie me the maister!" —TIT-BITS



HUSBAND—My dear, I've found out why that row of peas never came up. I forgot to plant them!

—HUMORIST

T HOTEL Taft



...so now it's
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they choose!

The TAFT is starting something new. This largest and nicest hotel of Times Square is introducing higher standards of hospitality and service, at rates amazingly moderate. Imagine it—a marble palace of spacious lounges, and 2,000 modern-to-the-minute rooms, with rates as low as \$2.50 with bath!... That's why everyone is passing the word, "TARRY AT THE TAFT"—and see New York with what you save!"

The TAFT *Adjoining Roxy's*

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On the Merrick Road at Massapequa,
L. I.—near Jones Beach

Dine and Dance

Chicken, Duck, Lobster, Steak
and Shore Dinners

Also a la Carte



See following page →



Heheheh

ON one of the billboards featuring an advertisement for Smith Brothers Cough Drops a slogan reads: "Take one to bed with you."

Under which some clown has added: "I wouldn't sleep with either of 'em!"

—WALTER WINCHELL,
in the *Daily Mirror*

THEY were discussing a country inn. "Not a bad place—very old-fashioned," declared one motorist. "In my bedroom was a text on the wall, 'Lay me down in peace to sleep, for I know that I dwell in safety.'"

"I rather like those old fashions," commented his friend.

"The old fashions are all right," agreed the other, "but just beneath it was mine host's personal motto: 'The landlord will not hold himself responsible for jewelry or other valuables unless left at the office.'"

—TIT-BITS

TWENTIETH CENTURY ENCYCLOPEDIA

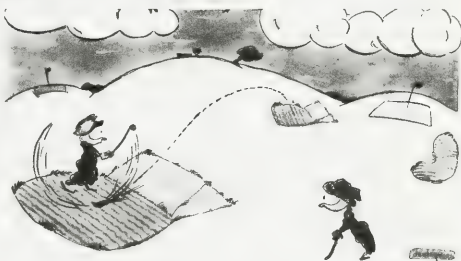
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Cont'd from preceding page



"I say,—golfing?"

"Nah! Trap-shooting."



BACHELOR COP—Still and all, these married guys is hard to please!

HIGH HAT

(Continued from page 19)

remainder and half an egg. To his third customer he sold half of what remained and half an egg. At no time did he break an egg. If he had one dozen eggs left after the three sales, how many eggs did he have to start with?

Last week's—No. 1: Eight pounds. No. 2: The nine men comprised an infantry detachment and an officer on parade.

No. 3: The sailor broke his wooden leg.

No. 4: It was superfluous for the twins to put a distinguishing mark on both canes. One would have been enough.

Parlor Inane

HERE is a nice, stoopid way of using up a lot of time and clean, innocent paper. Ask the mob if they know what a billion is. In case that little cutie in green with her head on the Princeton boy's lap is a wee bit hazy, you can take time out and explain that to her as a special favor it is a million million. Then ask the company present just how long they think it would take them to count a billion. The guesses vary as a rule, anywhere from a month to ten years. Well, if you aren't all sick of the idea by this time, you can soon find out that counting at the rate of two hundred a minute without stopping, it would take nine thousand five hundred and twelve years, to say nothing of a few odd months. Now, go ahead and prove it.

A button is suspended by a thread inside a clear glass bottle. The cork is sealed in the bottle. How can you sever the thread so the button falls, without uncorking or breaking the bottle? It is so simple I really can't be bothered to tell you, but just this once, maybe. Hold the bottle in sunlight and burn the thread with the aid of a burning glass. What's that? No sunlight when you hold parties? Try it in your Sun Parlor Inane some time then.

Unimportant Items

JULIUS TANNEN claims Earl Carroll's next Vanities will probably be so intimate they'll be able to be played in a patrol wagon.

Across the street from us a gent named Kay announces loudly and ungrammatically "Shoes for Women That's Different." While Paul, the 48th St. hair organizer, has a dummy of a well-groomed head in a fifth-story window! Who c'd crane that high, let alone a giraffe?

And now you can buy "Hammered Wheat Thinsies," a hammered wheat biscuit to make fat people thinsy!

And veddy good, too—made by the Johnson people, who make Educator Crackers, the best cheese rafts I know.

I see that some Iowans have gotten together a fund to rescue some countrymen from Russia. How about some Russians getting together to rescue some of their compatriots from Iowa?

You can keep the little woman at home now and not losing money at afternoon cutthroat by buying her a full-sized professional hooked rug-making machine. It is a simple contraption of frame and automatic needle, and Macy will sell it to you with all sorts of designs. And eventually you can open your own little Hooked Rug Shoppe and defeat old man depression.

And as I was going by Saks-Fifth Avenue the other day the window dresser caught my eye and very daintily drew a cloth over the face of the wax cutie he was disrobing and redressing. They tell me it's an old legal custom or he may know something about me.

Hihattractions

STEVE HAMAS, ex-Penn State star and the next-to-the-next world's heavyweight champion, or I'll eat my words! (Donc béton faillites!) . . . The Jimmy Walker summing up in this mo.'s *Vanity Fair*. . . The Bruce Baimrsfather cop at 54th and Fifth: a ringer for Ole Bill. . . Auction Sales these turrible shekless times, by all means, if you have anything left in the ole sock. . . The Prussian Doorman, genuine Prussian Gahd, at the St. Moritz. . . Rumpelmeyer's on Central Pok Saouth, the swankiest tea for two jernt in town. . . Jack Benny, who "tells poolroom jokes in the ballroom manner," and his latest definition of the world's champion kibitzer: "The unmarried half of a married Siamese twin!"

Best Steppers

I'm Bidin' My Time—Victor.
Let's Get Friendly—Sannella—Victor.

Dream a Little Dream of Me—Raph—Columbia.

In a Café on the Road to Calais (Rumba) & Beautiful Love (Waltz)—Ohman & Arden.

Smile, Darn Ya, Smile & I'm Crazy About My Baby—Snooks and his Memphis Stompers.

For You (Waltz) & You'll Be Mine in Apple Blossom Time—Leo Reisman—Victor.

—JUDGE, JR.

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A backgammon board that fits your card table. Made of walnut, with cork playing surface. Ivory draughtsmen, dice, doubler, leather cups and book of rules.

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Stubborn Stubble and Drag

Does your razor blade slide over your whiskers without cutting them off? Does your blade scrape and pull, and still leave some whiskers that do not come off? That's because there isn't any drag, or correctly adjusted resistance, given to your razor.

Burma-Shave, with just the right amount of drag holds the blade close to the face—the blade doesn't slide over the whiskers—it cuts them off clean, even the toughest ones, and without the painful pull.

You've got to try Burma-Shave to find out just what drag does. It'll be a new shaving experience and boy—you'll like it.

Clint Odell
PRESIDENT

P.S. At the drug store in tubes and jars. Try the 35c tube first. It's a whopper, half a foot long by 1 1/4 inches in diameter.





Sweet Breath

This new way acts instantly

MOST people nowadays completely protect themselves against unpleasant breath. A small, pleasant-tasting tablet is slipped into the mouth... and all odors of food, drinking, or smoking vanish instantly.

The name of these tablets is May-Breath. You may get them at your neighborhood druggist. Always remember to take them along when going out among others. You will have so much more peace of mind.

May-Breath

(TABLETS)

ANNOUNCING

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Cross Word Puzzle Book

IT IS DEMANDED —

3rd accordingly with high glee, we present the third volume in this series of puzzles for advanced thinkers.

IN construction these puzzles are clear and conventional; it is in the definitions that the double cream of the jest lies. Though legitimate, they are deftly misleading, so the solver is rewarded by discovering not only interlocking words, but entertaining wise-cracks.

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Publication date—June 22, 1931.

JUDGE PUBLISHING CO., Inc. 6-20-31
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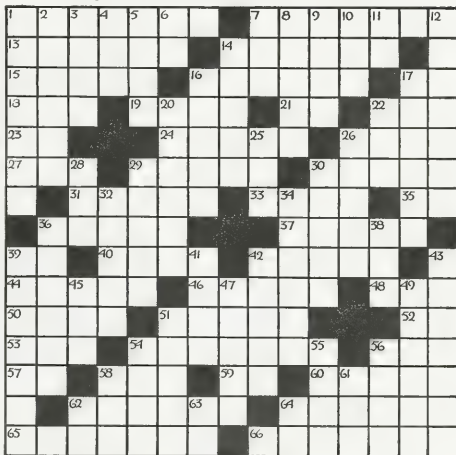
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City State

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 213



Submitted by Catherine MacMullan, Chicago, Ill.

Horizontal

1. The longest distance between two points. (plur.)
2. The blow-hard carried the house by storm.
12. The way the doctor looks when he is performing an operation.
14. Comparatively speaking this is the way Ghandi must feel.
15. What a good man always does.
16. Before Betty Cood was popular everyone tried to dance with Grace in this evening affair.
17. This is just one of the good bywords that Lowell Thomas uses. (You will get it before long.)
18. A rattling good member of the Smith family.
19. Here is where you are going to get exalted.
21. It is always a good sign if this comes before the rent.
22. When a Senator weighs his words this is what he gets.
23. If the meters are on the square this is the space covered.
24. Out born every minute.
26. A headlight.
27. Strictly fresh.
29. A five spot.
30. This house is just filled with beautiful orientals.
31. A beautiful clothes line.
32. If it is possible to get a stout woman on this she will be sure to fall off.
35. A self starter.
36. What Reno does every hour.
37. A Georgian.
39. A brief reply.
40. What the doctor removed from the patient. (plur.)
42. What people do to make a clean-up in hard times.
44. The way the poet's last summer's hat looks.
45. A good thing to do on a reducing scale.
48. Easy money from Brazil.
50. Just one thing after another.
51. You will like this one—it's great.
52. A very unladylike person. (And so's your old man.) (abbr.)
54. A questionable word.
56. A descendant of one of the early Americans.
58. Where boozey has lunch every day.
57. Continues in existence (even after a second cut in salary).
58. This is just a fare car.
59. Better keep on the right side of this one if you want to avoid trouble. (abbr.)
60. Up on one's toes.
62. They do this on a frequency of two motorcycles.
64. You may find a lot of strings attached to this.
65. This was very confectionate, when granddad went wooing.
66. These movements are on foot in some of the party circles.

Vertical

1. These kind of people may appear small but this one has never been known to be close.
2. 100%.
3. One half of two.
4. This one and its mate are always having a row.
5. This bunch of stars always stuck together out in Hollywood. (Their show is a bear.)
6. This is not as civilized as Her. 39. (abbr.)
7. Isn't science wonderful? Why with this it can literally make a conscience.
8. Unlike the man in the song this one left her flat when her hair turned to silver.
9. This is what Mark used to call her.
10. This is now allowed in all puzzles.
11. A choice word.
12. Our thing a Scotchman's wife can use lavishly.
14. Right in the face of the enemy this stuck out to the bitter end.
16. A little sulky. (Archaic)
17. You will always find this one sober.
20. Don't slip up on this one.
22. This is a bad one to get stuck on.
24. A bench mark.
26. The outcome of the egg business.
28. The big fight of 1917.
29. A good thing to do after being all ruffled up.
30. Even a Scotchman couldn't raise much on this.
32. What they are apt to do to the umpire.
34. Reflections of a screen star.
36. You will find these in the book section.
38. This one is short one V.
35. What she does to keep her hands as beautiful.
41. What professional bosses do with their wise cracks.
42. The fellow with a one-track mind.
44. What Pittsburgh has contributed to the sporting world.
45. This gets the drop on things by getting there early in the morning.
47. This is very irregular.
49. "Come out of it."
51. What Will Rogers makes use of when he throws a party.
54. The way acts broadcast their ideas on pacifism.
55. After a last payment on a count, she bought this one cheap from a title and trust company.
56. This man usually beats the game but his outlook is forbidding.
58. "Yes, sir, she's my baby now," sings Mother Nature in the spring.
61. What the whole caravan of camels did when they dropped on the pavement.
62. You can have the whole afternoon and evening for this.
63. This can easily be made out high.
64. Just "sing something simple."

Gag

EDDIE Buzzell tells a swell heeb gag. It's the one about the leading Joosh merchants in a tiny Jersey town ruled by sort of a Ku Klux Klan crowd. The merchants decided to hold a meeting to discuss how to remedy the annoying sitch-ee-ay-shun.

One pants presser got up and suggested: "I make a motion dot we should stop doong business wit' Jones end Companch because dey hate de Joosh pippel de most!"

"I make a commendment to dot commotion!" interrupted Mr. Mefoofsky, "I soggast dot ve continue doong business wit' dem—but ve shouldn't pay dem!" —WALTER WINCHELL,

in the *Daily Mirror*

"At times," says Rudy Vallee in the *Long Island Press*, "when I begin to broadcast I feel like a surgeon beginning to operate."

And the listener feels like the patient.

—TED COOK,
in the *Los Angeles Examiner*

It is a pity that the crisis in Spain has not produced a leader of the caliber of Signor Mussolini, whose dictatorship in Italy is very real. At a military review last summer at which the King of Italy and he were present, his Majesty dropped his handkerchief and Mussolini, who was standing by him, picked it up. "Thank you," said the king. "I should have been sorry to lose it. It is now about the only thing left in which I am allowed to poke my nose!"

—PASSING SHOW

Correct

During a history lesson a teacher asked his class, "What happened in 1483?"

"Luther was born," answered a pupil, promptly.

"Quite right. And what happened in 1487?"

After a long pause the pupil ventured, "Luther was four years old."

—TIT-BITS

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

REASONABLE	PIP
RIOT	YEAR
ATE	BREATH
GNU	RCA
SEA	PEEP
EPOCHS	TANS
RAIN	TRE
ATTIC	DEAF
BLOT	T SLOB
RILE	SIR
IO	LAIR
LOAD	LE
ORA	TEES
PROW	A
NECK	RICH
LEAPS	TIN
SOAR	SIL
STUDIO	THUS
TON	LEA
TAT	AMULET
OAT	ETON
BEER	PRE
RHEUMATISM	



If times don't snap up we expect to see the return of the old-fashioned dinner pail.



WIFE—Henry! Look him in the eye!

Stop Pain, Remove

CORNS



ONE DROP DOES IT

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. Acts like an anaesthetic. In three seconds pain is deadened. You wear tight shoes, dance, walk again in comfort!

No cutting—that is dangerous. This

way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers.

Doctors approve it as safe. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it.

Money back if not delighted.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 16)

said a mouthful. The silent pictures did not so much because the talking machine was invented as because the public got tired of mere shadows of human beings. The talkies have given those shadows another little shove toward life and actuality and so have gathered the public back into the picture-house fold, but that the public will in time get tired of the talking shadows just as they got tired of the mute ones is pretty hard not to believe.

With the tiring, the public taste will obviously and automatically improve, at least in small measure. A person fed up with dime novels naturally turns to something better. And so, coming back into the theatre, the currently lost movie audiences will be ready for something better in the way of drama than they are at present. Even the talkies call for a higher degree of what for the sake of argument may be called intelligence than the silent films did—the latter calling for zero—and the optimist may accordingly hope for a still further surprising progress that will ultimately lead the screen devotees back to the playhouse. It will, of course, all take time, but the financial troubles that the movie companies are already experiencing—if we can trust the published reports—begin to indicate the way the wind is blowing. In less than five years, I predict, that wind will be a hurricane.

Nathan Recommends

"The Band Wagon" (New Amsterdam)—A jolly revue, headed by the Astaires, Frank Morgan and Tilly Losch, fully worth the gate price.

"Once in a Lifetime" (Plymouth)—A farce about Hollywood, which will loosen up your laughing muscles in salubrious fashion.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (Empire)—A smoothly executed comedy-drama, dealing with the Barrett-Browning grand passion, with K. Cornell offering an excellent performance as Lizzie Barrett.

"The Vinegar Tree" (Playhouse)—Although you may be fed up on sex stuff, here is a comedy that handles the subject freshly and amusingly.

Gilbert and Sullivan Repertoire (Erlanger)—Revivals of your old favorites. Further comment unnecessary.

"Rhapsody in Black" (Harris)—One of the best of the colored shows, with Mack's choir, Davis' jazz orchestra and Madame Ethel Waters.

"The Green Pastures" (Mansfield)—I've been recommending it to you for more than a year now, so behave yourself and go around and see it and give me a rest.

Notes on Other Exhibits

"A Modern Virgin" (Booth)—Cheap sex whiffle with the attractive Mlle. Margaret Sullivan in the leading role.

"Old Man Murphy" (Royale)—Arthur Sinclair's fine performance in shameless old sod hokum.

"The House Beautiful" (Apollo)—As sweet and noble as Pollyanna's grandma.



HE—"So, you have come away without my copy of JUDGE. A fine start for a summer vacation."

SHE—"I'm sorry! I'll write JUDGE to send a subscription to our summer residence. We just can't be without laughter."

6-20-31

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The Lady with the Hatchet *Leblanc*
Extradition *Arthur Train*
The Four Just Men *Edgar Wallace*
Angelo *A. Moroso*
The Debt Collector *M. Leed*
Hubert the Spy *Hugo*
Missing: Page 13, *Anna K. Green*
A Purloined Letter *Poe*
Zadig *Voltaire*
Lodging for the Night *Steenzen*
12 Green-Russian Garnets *A. S. Hardy*
Dr. Manette's Manuscript, *Dickens*
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The Nail *Alarcon*
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Jacques Collin *Dumas*
Artaignan, Detective *A. France*
Majesty of Justice *Cerantes*
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The Beaucarne Diligence *Chekhov*
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Too Dear *French Criminal Records*
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Three Strangers *Trappers*
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Detective
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